

ODD MOQUI CUSTOMS.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN GOES OUT FOR NEWS

And is Stopped with a Rattler. Whereupon She Brings Her Artists' Canvas Down on the Offending Priest's Head.

(Special Letter.)

Much has been printed about the habits and customs of the Moqui Indians, but many new things are related by Miss Blanche D. Cole of Denver, Col., who went down among the Navajoes and Moquis last summer to gather information for the Field Museum of the Chicago University. She was the leading spirit of a small party of explorers, and her chat with a reporter a few days ago reveals many interesting points not found in official reports and books.

"It is a hard trip in some ways," she says. "It is hard physically; tire-some, I mean, and the water is very bad, and it is impossible to get good food. We took every pound of our provisions with us. But one does not mind that on such an interesting trip as this. We went 100 miles away from the railroad and remained there two weeks, camping in tents. Of course



A MOQUI BELLE.

We timed our visit so as to see the snake dance, which is the most famous thing among the Pueblo Indians, and the feature that draws the few tourists who penetrate that far. There are seven of these pueblos, with a total population of about 3,000. Each has a snake dance every two years. The one we saw was that of the Oraibi. What is the significance of the snake dance? It is a prayer for rain. Of course the Pueblos are in a very hot, parched country, where water is scarce and valuable. The snake dance is performed in August, when water is the scarcest. It is a religious ceremony, meant to induce the gods to grant rain. And the queerest thing is that it brings the rain."

Miss Cole gives a graphic description of the snake dance, when the Indians, after conducting ceremonies for nine days in the underground chambers, dance with live rattlesnakes in their mouths. This scene is more or less familiar to the readers of travels, but Miss Cole made some interesting observations on the conditions of the women, which the average tourist does not.

"The women among the Moquis, and I presume the other Pueblo Indians, hold a far higher position than among the wandering Indians of the plains. There is in every village a medicine woman, who is held in very high regard. Indeed, she alone in the tribe knows the secret of brewing the concoction which the priests drink after they have finished the snake dance. This concoction is a horrible mess. It is a fearful emetic, and it about turns the men inside out when they drink it. I suppose the origin of that was to counteract the poison in case the snakes struck them. It is wonderful how seldom the snakes do this; but sometimes they do strike. Then the ordinary housewife among the Moquis is well treated. The men do all the field work. They have great peach orchards and fields of melons and all sorts of vegetables. They live entirely on vegetables and fruits. Their land is in common, and their store of food after the crops are gathered, is in common. Every man has to do his share of farm work, and every family in the village gets its share of food. Besides this, the men do all the spinning and weaving. Their cloth is woven of wool, from their great flocks



INTERIOR OF MOQUI HUT. of sheep. The men also make the moccasins, and these are high, like boots, but otherwise like the moccasins of the wandering Indians. The women, however, make the beautiful pottery for which the Pueblos are famous. They also make the coarse bread, which is their principal article of diet; keep house after a fashion and sew a little. Their hardest work is carrying the water up the steep sides of the mesa. They pack all the

"Let me tell you a funny thing. As

soon as an engagement is announced the prospective bridegroom begins immediately to weave his bride's trousseau. The engagement is really a marriage. As soon as a girl consents to marry a man he takes her off with him to the house of his family. The public ceremony, however, is not performed for six weeks. During these six weeks she lives at his father's house, and he is busy getting her clothes ready. He weaves her three dresses, one of them being a white one for the wedding dress. Then the public ceremony takes place, and after that he goes to live at her house and becomes a son of her father. He takes the name and totem of his wife's family, and all inheritance is reckoned through the female side. It is a survival, you see, of the primitive matriarchy, which went out among civilized nations when Egypt dropped in to the abyss of ages."

The Indians were not pleased to have white visitors. The most that could be said for their courtesy was that they tolerated them. Sometimes this toleration broke out into active hostility. One day the party went down into one of the kivas, or underground chambers, where the preliminary ceremonies of the snake dance were in progress. They nearly paid the penalty with their lives, and made their escape as quickly as possible from the infuriated Indians. During the progress of the snake dance Miss Cole sat calmly sketching the curious scene, when one of the priests, who did not like to have his picture taken, rushed up and slapped her in the face with his rattlesnake. Miss Cole is an American girl, and does not like to be hit by a man. Anger conquered fear, and she brought her big canvas down smartly on his head. Friends rushed in, and a fresh Indian war was stopped then and there. But Mr. Holmes, with his kinetoscope, had caught the whole transaction, to his vast delight.

IS A FAMOUS JOURNALIST.

Probably no newspaper woman in the world is more noted than Mrs. Emily Crawford, who for years has held the responsible position of foreign correspondent for the London Daily News and London Truth.

She practically began work as a newspaper correspondent when she was a girl in her teens. She was born in Dublin city and was the daughter of Mr. Andrew Johnstone, a gentleman of landed property who suffered reverses which left his wife and family in straitened circumstances at his death. Emily helped in the education of her younger brothers and sisters, and after the family removed to Paris she found an unexpected and unsought opening into journalism. Her mother brought excellent introductions to Paris, which secured admission to the court circles at the Tuilleries, and Emily Crawford had thus an opportunity of studying life at the gay French



EMILY CRAWFORD.

court in the days of the empire. The young girl wrote accounts of what she saw to a friend in London, and her letters chanced to be shown to the editor of the Morning Star, who straightway requested that the vivacious writer would contribute a weekly letter to his columns. Her marriage a few years later with Mr. Geo. Morland Crawford of Chelsea Court lodge, Kent, the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, brought her into the full swing of the literary and journalistic life of the French capital.

An oil painting of Mrs. Crawford at this period shows her to have been a real Irish beauty, with glossy brown hair, deep blue eyes and a piquant smile about her pretty mouth. The brown locks are silvered now, but Mrs. Crawford is still bright and young in spirit, vivacious in conversation and fond of a joke.

What Recines in Oyster Beds.

While tonging for oysters near St. Michaels, Md., one day last week an oysterman caught a gallon demijohn filled with whisky. The covering of willow wicker around the jug had decayed and five large oysters were found growing upon it. The oysterman and some of his companions tasted the liquor and said it was good. How long it had been in the water is unknown, but it must have been there for years. A most singular story in connection with the lucky find is that the oysterman had a severe cough, and one of his companions, who was tonging near him, suggested that a little whisky and glycerine would help him. The oysterman said that he could readily get the glycerine, but he did not know where to get the whisky. He moved away from those with whom he had been conversing and had just commenced tonging when he brought up the gallon demijohn of whisky.

The Earliest Library.

The earliest library was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Every book was a brick, engraved with cuneiform characters.

KIPLING AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR POET SEEN IN HIS DEN.

Dr. Leon Kellner, the Historian. Accorded the Privilege of an Interview with the Celebrated Character—Discreet of Himself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's objection to being interviewed is known to all the world. But the rule which Mr. Kipling has laid down for himself with regard to the Anglo-Saxon world seems to be relaxed when due approaches are made by foreigners. Perhaps Mr. Kipling is of the well-known view that foreign opinion is a sort of contemporary posterity. At any rate, he has been interviewed by Dr. Leon Kellner, who is on a prolonged visit to England to collect materials for his proposed "History," on which he has been engaged for the last ten years. Dr. Kellner naturally desired to learn something about the most prominent figure in English literature at the end of the era—his aims, his method of work, and the factors which have gone to create so remarkable a phenomenon—and with Teutonic directness he applied to the distinguished author himself. The result was an interview which appeared recently as a feuilleton in a Viennese journal—the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt"—doubtless with Mr. Kipling's permission.

What appears to have struck Dr. Kellner most in the personality of his

ows to them." Kipling's father was an artist, holding an official position in India, and lives now in retirement in the neighborhood of his son, with such a globe-trotter, Wiltshire is regarded as quite near Sussex. Happy father and happy son! Of his mother he naturally does not speak to strangers, but it is sufficient to hear a man say "my mother," to understand the relations that exist between them.

The impression of all this happiness was so strong upon Dr. Kellner that after his interview he said to himself: "Today I have seen happiness face to face."

The first impression produced by Mr. Kipling on the interviewer was striking in its diversity. "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you you would think you had before you a very wide awake, lively and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man who has not grown up in the atmosphere of the study. 'I have seldom,' adds the interviewer, 'received two such different impressions from one and the same fact. The work room is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books, half its height over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right, near the window, stands a plain table—not a writing table—on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knick-knacks, the unadorned room, simple and earnest, like a Puritan chapel."

"I much fear," began the interviewer, "that I have come too early, and

STATUE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.



Paul W. Bartlett's statue of Michael Angelo, which, when complete, will occupy a place in the second story of the great rotunda in the congressional library at Washington, will be one of the most remarkable works of art in that collection, because the artist has refrained from idealizing his subject and has portrayed him in keeping with the descriptions of the great sculptor

which have come to the present generation. He is represented as contemplating one of his works. The position of the head makes some people who have seen the model think that the completed work will have to be viewed from its own level to be seen at its best, and that it will be less effective from the main floor of the rotunda, from which point it will receive the most attention.

subject was the air of happiness which surrounded him.

"All that fate—Kipling would call it 'the good God'—has to bestow of real world has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power, in the vigor of youth (he is only 32) and sound health, and, above all, the capacity of enjoying his good fortune.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

He has known how by wise economy to obtain full independence; he has for many years been placed in such a position that he can withstand all the temptations of publishers and editors, and in his creative work need only respond to the inner call and his literary conscience. Literary creation is, for him, the highest joy, and the calling of a writer the noblest pursuit. Nor is that all; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained the highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can and does say with proudest modesty, "All that I am I

RELIGIOUS READING.

RELIGION AND REFORM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Eight on the Cloud—Christian Endeavor Topics—The Kingdom of Heaven—The Three Things We Need—A Good World.

Light on the Cloud.

There's never an always cloudless sky. There's never a vale so fair But over it sometimes shadows lie In a chill and songless air. But never a cloud o'erhanging the day, And hung its shadows down, But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray, Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side; Though rage the tempest loud, And scatter its terrors far and wide, There's a light upon the cloud. And often, when it traileth low, Shutting the landscape out, And only the chilly east winds blow From the foggy seas of doubt.

There'll come a time, near the setting sun, When the joys of life seem few, A rift will break in the evening dim, And the golden light streams through, And the soul a glorious bridge will make.

Out of the golden bars, And all its priceless treasures take Where shines the eternal stars. —M. J. Savage.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Joy in Service.—Monday, Feb. 6, the joy of the shepherd, Matt. 18:13-14; Tuesday, Feb. 7, the joy of the seventy, Luke 10:1-7; Wednesday, Feb. 8, the joy of sower and reaper, John 4:35-38; Thursday, Feb. 9, joy amid persecution, Acts 5:34-42; Friday, Feb. 10, returning with joy, Ps. 126:1-6; Saturday, Feb. 11, lasting joy, Dan. 12:1-3; Sunday, Feb. 12, topic, the joy in finding the lost, Luke 15:1-10.

Sweeter than the joy of creation is the joy of discovery and restoration. God himself must have found the "It is finished" of the New Testament more joyous than the "It is finished" of Genesis. And that joy may be ours. If you have the power to save souls, woe to you if you do not save souls! And you never can know till you try. Souls are not saved by wisdom, or by beauty, or by skill and power, but by loving faith. No one gets power to save souls, except in the process of soul-saving; it comes as he goes along.

Illustration.—"My business is to preach the gospel," said William Carey, the cobbler, who became the pioneer missionary of England; "and I cobble shoes to pay expenses." Every true Christian has a vocation, which is to save souls; and an avocation, which is to earn money.

Illustration.—You remember the story of the swimmer who carelessly leaped in to save an unknown life, and found that he had saved his brother. That is the experience of every Christian who saves a soul.

Illustration.—The Christian Endeavor society without associate members is like a farmer without a field. The society that is not winning its associate members to Christ is like a farmer that allows his fields to grow up in thistles.

Illustration.—It is not in making discoveries that the world is most interested, but in saving men. It is hard to get money to equip expeditions to find the Pole or explore Africa, but how many lives and how much treasure will be poured out instantly and eagerly to save Sir John Franklin, or rescue a Nansen or a Peary, or seek to find a Livingstone in the African jungles!

The Kingdom of Heaven.

"The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

This kingdom, Jesus said, was at hand. And when His disciples were rejected, and shook off the dust of the city from their shoes, He bade them say, "Nevertheless, of this be ye sure, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

And it is nigh unto us today. It is felt in the inmost soul even of those who would be ashamed to confess its presence.

Even when you are most miserably defeated in striving to be good, most ashamed of failure, even when (to return to our starting point) you declare that you cannot do the thing that you would, even then you do not entirely believe yourself; the conviction of lofty possibilities will not quite begone; righteousness, and peace, and joy, still haunt your imaginings and disturb your guilty pleasures; you feel, you know that these things are your heritage, and without them you can never be content.

What does this strange, illogical, incessant experience mean?

There is a beautiful old legend of a Christian girl, betrayed to martyrdom by her pagan lover in the bitterness of his rejection, who promised as she went to die to send him, if it were allowed to her, some proof of her religion. On that same wintry night, as he sat and mourned, the legend says that a fair boy left at his door a basket filled with flowers of such bloom and fragrance as never grew in earthly gardens. Whereupon he arose and confessed Christ, and passed through the same dusky gates of martyrdom to join her in the paradise of God.

Like flowers of unearthly growth, proclaiming the reality of the unseen, so do our unworthy longings, our immortal spiritual aspirations, our feeling

after a Divine Deliverer, if haply we may find Him, prove that the kingdom of God is at hand.

Every thought of God comes from God, and is already the operation of His Spirit.

Every desire for Christ is Christ's forerunner in the soul, and bids us welcome Christ.

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel." —Bishop of Derry.

Don't Give Up

Sorrow came to you yesterday and emptied your home. Your first impulse now is to give up and sit down in despair amid the wrecks of your hopes. But you dare not do it. You are in the line of battle and the crisis is at hand. To falter a moment would be to imperil some holy interest. Other lives would be harmed by your pausing. Holy interests would suffer should your hands be folded. You must not linger even to indulge your grief. Sorrows are but incidents of life and must not interrupt us. We must leave them behind while we press on to the things that are before.

Then God has so ordered, too, that in pressing on in duty we shall find the truest, richest comfort for ourselves. Sitting down to brood over our sorrows, the darkness deepens about us and creeps into our heart, and our strength changes to weakness. But if we turn away from the gloom and take up the tasks and duties to which God calls us, the light will come again and we shall grow stronger.

"When all our hopes are gone, 'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on."

For others' sake; For strength to bear is found in duty done;

And he is blest indeed who learns to make

The joy of others cure his own heart-ache."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Three Things We Need.

Anybody who has ever seen a grove of olives knows that their beauty is not such as strikes the eye. If it were not for the blue sky overhead, that rays down glorifying light, they would not be much to look at or talk about. The tree has a gnarled, grotesque trunk, which divides into insignificant branches, bearing leaves mean in shape, harsh in texture, with a silvery under side. It gives but a quivering shade and has no massiveness nor sympathy. Ay! but there are olives on the branches. And so the beauty of the humble tree is in what it grows for man's good. The olive is crushed into oil and the oil is used for smoothing and supplying joints and flesh, for nourishing and sustaining the body as food, for illuminating darkness as oil in the lamp. And these three things are the three things for which we Christian people have received all our dew and all our beauty, and all our strength—that we may give other people light, that we may be the means of conveying to other people nourishment, that we may move gently in the world as lubricating, sweetening, soothing influences. The question, after all, is: Does anybody gather fruit of us, and would anybody call us "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified?" —Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

A Good World.

This is the best possible world for one who is called according to God's purpose, or purposes according to God's calling. We are infected with infidelity when we sigh for the wings of a dove. We sing "God is wisdom, God is love." If we believe it, we shall act as though we believe it, and face our tasks with fidelity and our tests for fortitude. God knows why we are here, and has told us—to learn, and to do, for discipline and duty. Can we imagine a world better fitted for those ends than this world? How long are we to suffer or serve for God to say. Let us not look too much out of the schoolroom windows, or too impatiently at the clock. Lord Shaftesbury resented a friend's misdirected sympathy who congratulated him on his apparent approach to death. He was anything but glad to leave, he said, when there was so much to be done for God here. When God's time for us comes, well and good. Till then this world is the best for us, and we must make the most of it, and do our best for it.

The Advantages of Yesterday.

Memory is a granary, holding seed for tomorrow's sowing; memory is an armory, holding weapons for tomorrow's battles; memory is a medicine chest, with balms for tomorrow's hurts; memory is a library, with wisdom for tomorrow's emergency. Yesterday holds the full store of today's civilization; contains our tools, conveniences, knowledge; contains our battlefields and victories; above all, gives us Bethlehem and Calvary. But alone man's yesterday is impotent, his tomorrow insufficient. The true man binds all his days together with an earnest, intense, passionate purpose. His yesterdays, today and tomorrow march together one solid column, animated by one thought, constrained by one conspiracy of desire, energizing toward one holy and helpful purpose—to serve man and love God.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Right Thoughts.

Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philipp 4:8.